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BECKONINGS FROM ON HIGH.

"Thank God, a man can grow;
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God, a man can grow.
The fire upon his altars may burn dim,
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail—
And nothing to rekindle it avail—
But, high above his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him!"

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE STATE-WIDE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SALOON.

Now that it is settled that a constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic is to be submitted to the voters of California in November, there should be a united effort on the part of all the friends of temperance to secure its adoption. The interest was so intense in certain parts of the state that it was not difficult to secure more than double the number of signatures required to initiate the measure. The ten counties first reporting in part had names aggregating 41,045; and the latest accounting gives from Los Angeles county alone more than 40,000 signatures. It is thought that names to the number of 75,000 or 80,000 were secured in the thirty days' campaign, though some were not forwarded in time to be counted, and many were not sent in at all after it became evident that many more than the required number were already in.

The California Voice declares: "No other state has made such a record. Its parallel is not on record anywhere. California leads."

This ought to encourage the doubting. It certainly gives some ground for the belief which not a few hold that California despite its wine industry and the great strength of the saloon interests in San Francisco is as good fighting ground for temperance as almost any other state.

If there are those who are of opinion that Northern and Central California outside of San Francisco will not poll a large vote for the amendment there are good reasons for the belief that they will find themselves in error. Thousands of names could have been secured for the initiate petition in this part of the state if effort had been made to get them such as was made in Southern California. Wherever systematic and thorough effort was made the response was satisfactory. In Chico alone 1498 signatures were secured, and the whole number in Butte county was more than 2000.

In Pomona, in Southern California there was a noteworthy record, 2600 names being secured, which is a good showing indeed when is considered the fact that only about 3,300 votes were cast there in November of last year, after a very stirring Presidential campaign.

It is said that many women in the Southern part of the state who had not yet registered, not caring to vote, have expressed a desire to have part in this campaign against the liquor traffic, and have decided to qualify and to cast at least one vote even though they should never again summon themselves to such effort.

But fondly though we may hope to see the women of California signalize their enthronement as voters by striking down the liquor traffic, it must be admitted that some are going to be influenced by the declaration that it is an unwarranted destruction of property interests, and because of this and other specious arguments will cast their votes for the continuance of the damnable traffic. Already this argument has been voiced in a woman's club in Berkeley, and we may expect to hear soon of all kinds of suggested measures by which to get rid of the accursed traffic in juster ways.

The Pacific desires to say here at the outset that they won't work; and they are not intended to work. They are intended simply to defeat the proposed amendment.

Our judgment is that the careful thinkers in California who desire to see the right and to do it will not be misled by the superficial argument that the adoption of this proposed amendment means the wanton destruction of property. The liquor interests are not proposing any compensation plan—either reasonable or unreasonable in its terms—and they never will. They don't intend that the people interested directly or indirectly, remotely or immediately, in the traffic shall be compensated and the traffic ended by agreement, however much a few well-meaning or misguided people may desire it; they want the traffic to go on and they intend to fight to the last for its continuance.

Further, let it be noted that all the time laws are enacted by the states and the nation which bring loss to some interests; and for the more general welfare and the greater and ultimate good they are expected to stand it. It has always been so, and in the evolution of things it seems as if it would continue to be so. At any rate the world and human nature are not yet far enough along for California to change the course of things in the year 1914.

Accordingly, for each voter the question is: Will I ally myself with the only plan on which there can be based any reasonable hope of throttling the liquor traffic, or will I allow myself, though at heart against it, to be side-tracked by questions and issues that are really irrelevant, and thus aid in the continuance of the accursed traffic?

THE TESTING TIME.

The Democratic administration at Washington has entered now on its testing time. The new tariff enactments and other laws are beginning to work and the whole country is feeling the strain of the changes, and will feel them for some time whether the laws were wise or unwise.

The Pacific does not presume to pass judgment on the wisdom of any of these congressional enactments. There are in all parts of the country eminent men who believe that time will justify them. There are others who do not so believe.

A few days ago Congressman Humphrey of the State of Washington said on the floor of the House:

"A little more than a year ago, when I was making my campaign for re-election, I found that the lumber and shingle industry of my State was in the most prosperous condition it had ever been. There were more men employed in those mills than ever before. They were receiving

higher wages than ever before. There was a greater demand for labor than ever before. There was more capital invested in that industry than ever before. The output was greater than ever before. I told the men who were working in those mills night after night that if the Democratic party went into power and carried out the promises of its platform they would be thrown out of employment or have their wages reduced.

"When the Tariff bill came up for discussion on the floor of this House, I stood in front of that desk, and I pointed out to the Democratic majority that the timber in the State of Washington out of which the shingles were manufactured cost more than the timber in British Columbia. I pointed out the fact that it cost more to manufacture a thousand shingles in the State of Washington than it did in British Columbia.

"I pointed out the further fact that the men working in the shingle mills of Washington were American citizens; that they were white men; that they received American wages. I pointed out that over in British Columbia the mills employed Chinese, Japanese and Hindoos, mostly Chinese. I pointed out that it was impossible for men in Washington to compete with the Chinamen in British Columbia. I made the prediction then that if the Tariff was taken off shingles those mills would close. I made the statement that it was either a reduction of wages or the closing of the mills. But that statement was received upon the Democratic side of the House with smiles of incredulity and of intellectual superiority. What are the facts? The present Tariff law up until the 1st day of December had been upon the statute books fifty-seven days. I hold in my hand a list of 194 shingle mills in the state of Washington that have closed—more than 60 per cent. of all the mills in the State and 50 per cent. of all the mills in the United States—that were closed on the first day of December last. The men that were employed in these mills are thrown out of employment and are today looking for work.

"I hold in my hand a list of thirty-three of the great lumber mills of the State of Washington that have closed since this Free-Trade Wilson Tariff law, passed by a Democratic Congress—or, to speak more accurately, that was passed by a Democratic President—went upon the statute books. These thirty-three mills represent a daily output of 3,100,000 feet. They employ 8,500 men. These men are out of work today and looking for employment."

Mr. Humphrey called the attention of the Administration to the statement that if manufacturers reduced wages or closed their mills on account of these enactments they would be called to the bar of investigation to show reason therefor. And he asks that investigation be made of the list furnished by him, furnishing not only the large list of mills already closed but a list also of many others where men have been discharged and the wages of others reduced. All in all the mills in Washington had thrown out of employment up to December the 15th more than 15,000 men.

This is but a sample of the things which the party in power is up against in this opening month of 1914. It must justify itself for what it has done or it will be swept out of power.

Silence may be golden, but you can't buy the still small voice of conscience.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN CANADA.

We condense for the readers of The Pacific a recent interview with Mr. William Wallace Buchanan of Winnipeg, a journalist and social reformer.

"We consume, per capita, about one quarter as much alcohol as the people of the British Isles and only about one-third the quantity consumed by our neighbours of the American Republic. It is also true that we are holding down the consumption in spite of three great movements calculated to increase it—immigration, rapid urban growth, and the accumulation of wealth. Under similar conditions the United States increased its per capita consumption by more than two gallons each decade.

"The thousands of immigrants who enter our ports come from countries where the consumption of intoxicants is much larger than in Canada, and most of them immediately commence to earn far more money than they had to handle in their native land. The volume of immigration is so large compared with the population of the country that it tends greatly to increase the per capita consumption.

"Then our cities are developing with marvellous rapidity, and the facilities and temptations for drinking are much greater in the city than in the country, and the urban tide tends to increase consumption.

"A prosperous year is surely reflected in an increased expenditure upon luxuries, in which drink is certain to lead among northern nations; but Canada is experiencing a prolonged period of remarkable prosperity, which would foreshadow an increase in the consumption of drink. In my own city of 200,000 people more than 6,000 automobiles have been purchased for private use in the last five years, yet the per capita consumption of intoxicants has not greatly increased.

"There is a fine temperance sentiment in Canada, and great credit is due to the churches. They are popular in Canada. Everbody attends church. The beneficent influence of the pulpit in the field of moral suasion is far-reaching.

"Yes, we have temperance societies doing grand work, and the province of Nova Scotia has almost an ideal condition in the maintenance of thorough organization and large enrolled membership, but the busy prosecution of material enterprises and the dominant commercial spirit in the West is not favorable to specific temperance organization. Our people do not settle down to sapping and mining in the way of organized effort, but they are always ready for a righteous spasm or a dash at reform."

"One of our provinces, Prince Edward Island, has statutory prohibition, and it is working well. Another, Nova Scotia, has a provincial statute covering all the province except the capital city of Halifax, and that is to pass under the general statute as soon as a majority of the electors vote for it. New Brunswick has two-thirds of its area under the federal local option law, in which a county or city is a unit. Two cities in this province, Fredericton, the capital, and Moncton, the railway centre, have had this kind of prohibition for more than twenty-five years. Quebec has the largest area of local prohibition in the settled portion of Canada, where, roughly speaking, 800 out of 1,000 parishes issue no licenses. This kind of prohibition is produced by the action of the parish municipal council, which refuses to endorse any application for license, and license is not issued without the endorsement of this council.

"Ontario is the best organized of our provinces for the

extension of legal restriction, and within the last decade about three-fifths of the area of the province has been brought under the provincial local option law, forbidding all sale of intoxicants for beverage use, and that in spite of the handicap of having to poll 60 per cent of the vote cast. Manitoba prohibits the sale of liquor in more than half the settled area of the province by a similar law. In the other two prairie provinces a vigorous movement has been recently organized to put the local option law into operation. British Columbia has the distinction of standing alone in the Canadian Federation, a province without a provincial local option provision.

"The licence laws are strict, and very much alike in all the provinces, only permitting sale for consumption on the premises, in public-houses, permitting no barmaids, no sales on Sunday, or on Saturday night, no sales to minors or Indians. A woman is never seen in a Canadian barroom, thanks to the power of 'Mrs. Grundy.' Shops sell liquor to be consumed off the premises in quantities not less than a quart, but a liquor shop is isolated and cannot touch any other merchandise. Licences are limited, never to less than five hundred people, and by municipal action and protests of neighbors and temperance societies usually to a much larger unit. Toronto, with 350,000, limits its liquor licences to 150, Winnipeg, with 200,000, has 75 bar-rooms.

"The Liberal Party in Ontario, under the leadership of one of the most promising public men of Canada, has declared for the abolition of bar-rooms."

Mr. Buchanan went on to speak of what he called "the most remarkable manifestation of the advanced temperance sentiment in Canada"—the federation of all the Churches, temperance societies and social reform organizations—"for co-operation in applying the civic and social principles inculcated by our common Christianity to concrete affairs." This organization, the Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada—more popularly known as "The Federation"—was founded by Mr. Buchanan, and since his retirement from journalism, some seven years ago, he has devoted a great deal of time to its activities. The Federation has a branch for each province, and Mr. Buchanan is secretary for Manitoba, and editor and manager of "The Statesman," the organ of the Federation. In Manitoba every church and temperance society which has provincial organization is a working unit in the Federation, as are also the great Grain Growers' Association and the Trades and Labour Congress. The Federation is not a temperance society. Its duty is to secure good legislation, and to see that the law is properly administered. But, naturally, temperance is one of the chief planks in the platform. Mr. Buchanan said that the Federation had tackled the liquor and other questions in Manitoba in no half-hearted way. Deputations had waited upon the Provincial Government from time to time while more active work had also been done with splendid results. When the liquor laws were not being adequately administered, the officers of the Federation went boldly forward, got at the officers themselves, and did not hesitate to bring them before magistrates; with the result that a better administration of the law was secured.

I swear the earth shall surely be complete to him or her who shall be complete!

I swear the earth remains jagged and broken only to him or her who remains jagged and broken!

—Whitman.

THE NEW CHINA.

C. R. Hager.

So much has been written and said about the "New China" within the last two years, that many interested persons expected to see a nation born in a day, and indeed during the first year after the Manchu Dynasty, Christian Missions received a great impetus until some almost faintly hoped that Christianity might be recognized as the leading religion of China, but alas Christianity has never prospered so well as when passing through persecution. The second attempted revolution soon followed the first on account of the dictatorial ideas of one man, who knows nothing of conciliating men or parties, but who wants to rule alone as a despot, when he was elected to be a representative of the people. Some have even gone so far as to say that Christianity would prosper under his rule and have declared the representatives of the peoples party as visionary and young enthusiasts who knew not their minds and sought only to gain their own interest; and this may have been true in some instances, but was by no means true of all real reformers and many of the so called young enthusiasts had the good of their country at heart, and might have been a great benefit to China if they had not been killed or harried out of China by the present ruling power at Peking; and some of us who have been watching events closely can certainly see no improvement in the high handed suspension of all Christian officials in South China. Once more the Christian Church has been taught not to depend upon political favor for her advancement but rather in the spirituality of its members. No one certainly would have believed 8 months ago when the president called upon all Christian Churches in China to pray for China, that before the end of the year he would recommend confucianium as the state religion.

To gain a comprehensive idea of the present conditions in China let me quote from a letter from one who has been a beneficiary of the Chinese government in his quest for an education in the United States and let me say that his views are shared by all of those who are most earnest in propagating Christianity. "As to China, affairs are getting more and more intolerable every day. Parliament has been virtually dissolved by the president's highhanded methods in expelling about 350 members of Parliament who belonged to the Peoples Party. Some of the Parliamentarians were killed by the president's orders, while others were sent back to their respective provinces under armed guards, and there are still others who are confined in prison in Peking with no hope of ever getting out alive. Not only members of the Peoples Party who belonged to Parliament were expelled but also all the civil and military officers who have had any connection with this party or were known to be friends of the peoples party were ordered to vacate their posts, so that the president might have more places for his reactionary friends. It seems that the Republic in China is practically at an end as the president has organized an administrative council of his own to replace Parliament. This council is wholly undemocratic and unrepresentative in its constitution. It is composed of about 76 members, 8 are appointed directly by the president and one of his secretaries, 4 from the cabinet; 2 from every department of the cabinet and 2 from each province,, appointed by the military governors. The president is determined to govern without a constitution. He is doing whatever pleases him. Confucianism will probably be established as the State religion as the president issued a proclamation

only a few days ago, expressing his desire to have Confucianism established as the state religion of China. About the suppression of newspapers, a world record has been made. Up to the present time it has been estimated that more than 200 native papers have been suppressed, nine being closed in one day in the city of Canton. Has there ever been such tyranny exercised before? I have met and talked with the dean of the Canton Christian College several times, only last night I met him at a Christian celebration and had a long talk with him afterwards. He said that the affairs in the Canton Province where he acted only recently as Superintendent of Public Instruction were in a sad state. Everything that the previous regime, under the Peoples party had introduced, was now being set aside. Gambling, opium smoking and all the social vices are being restored after they had received a severe check, and this is done by the men who are under the present governor of Canton. This man who is the military head is permitting his own soldiers to open gambling and opium smoking dens in the city of Canton. Looting and outrages upon helpless women have become the favorite pastimes of these soldiers. In the country districts, things are still worse, robbers and bandits are active everywhere, and when the people clamor for government protection in the hope that after troops are dopatched they will be able to enjoy peace and quiet, they find that the government soldiers are worse than the bandits, for the troops sent by the military governor into the country districts to fight the robbers instead of driving out the bandits, fall upon the people and rob them of all their worldly possessions, taking whatever they can find or lay their hands on; pigs, chickens etc. are carried off by the soldiers when they should protect the people. Besides these depredations the soldiers have committed outrages upon weak and unoffending women. The people are helpless, they have no place to go where they may find redress. Such is the plight of the common people and the crimes of these human despots are beyond expression. All the returned students from America, and other countries, who have formerly held government position have been expelled and even hunted down and executed as if they were the worst criminals. The Dean of Canton Christian College was himself nearly caught by the president's hirelings but luckily escaped and for a number of weeks he has been preaching in nearly all the missions of San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland, yet such a man if he were in China today would be arrested and probably executed merely because he does not believe in the policy of the president. Up to the end of the year 1913, I have received my government allowance from China but do not expect anything more after this."

It is needless to add anything more to the above statements made by an authority that can not be questioned, and yet such a government is upheld by many Christians, and the men who are expelled from office, driven from China and even executed, are considered rebels. If that be so, then it would be a good thing if we had a few more of them who are not seeking for some lucrative office but are preaching the simple gospel from British Columbia to San Diego. China will never advance to her rightful place among the nations of the world, if such highhanded and despotic crimes are committed against her thinking and progressive people; and just as sure as this spirit of liberty is curbed and suppressed, the power that does it will dig its own grave. Christianity will spread in China even though confucianism will be established, but there will come a day when the head of the government will not be a ruling despot, and when religious liberty will not be only a name but an actual fact. You cannot forever suppress and extirpate the ideas in our Colleges and Universities, and right not might will one day rule even in China.

HASAN, THE HOTEL KEEPER.

A Christmas Wonder Tale By Rev. Herbert A. Jump.

(Told to the children of the First Congregational Church of Redlands on Christmas Sunday).

Hasan ran a hotel. That meant that he always wore a smile, and knew how to shake hands. It meant that you never could hurt his feelings and that you never could surprise him with anything. He lived in a little city, but the hotel business is much the same all the world over whether the city is large or small; it means that part of the time your rooms are empty and you can't make a living, and the rest of the time the crowd is such that you can't acommodate all. And always the hotel-keeper has to furnish a home to queer and lonely and unfortunate folk. And usually he has to furnish them cheerfulness too

Hasan's hotel was in a town called Bethlehem, and he was proprietor of the house some twenty centuries ago. He had his share of sad folks too, I can tell you. There was Barig, whose back was bent, whose body was twisted by a terrible accident that had happened in the Jerusalem bazaar. Always he was whining in pain and Hasan had to listen courteously to his whines. Then there was Rachel. She had money but she had a stammering tongue also. She had to say a word over four times in order to say it once. And most people were impatient with her slow speech—but Hasan had to listen to everything she tried to say and smile whether he understood or not. The third boarder was old Roash, thin, dwarfish, sharp-featured, blind in one eye. He too was ever telling a tale of woe. Of course the eye that was gone had been his best eye. Why had Jehovah thus afflicted him, after all these years of faithful attendance at the synagogue, and never once had he failed to pay his synagogue tax? Poor Hasan, Roash was more of a tribulation to him than either of the others, but thus far he had shown himself capable of unvarying courtesy to his lodger—he had proved himself a true hotel-keeper.

On the sunny days the three boarders would gather on the portico near the well and talk over things. They talked about everybody in Bethlehem, about everything that had ever happened in Bethlehem, about everything that was wrong in the politics and business and religion and society of Bethlehem. And again and again they would come round to this prayer: Oh, why doesn't the Golden Age arrive? The rabbi had told them that it was coming. The Scriptures said it was coming. When it came, Barig's back would be straightened, the rabbi had promised; Rachel's tongue would be unloosed, Roash' eye, his good eye, would again receive its sight. But from their outlook beneath the portico of Hasan's hotel in little Bethlehem this committee of unfortunates could detect no indication that the Golden Age was on its way.

One day Hasan did a fine business. By noon his hotel was quite full of pilgrims on their way to the metropolis; by two o'clock his capacity was taxed to its utmost; by four o'clock he was putting his guests out under the portico; by six o'clock he had even sent some down to the stable beyond the palm trees and told them they could find comfortable

sleeping places in the straw. "Not another person can I take in," he ejaculated to Barig as he came back from inspecting the quarters which the stable boy had fixed up in the improvised annex. But at eight o'clock in the evening other persons came, two of them, weary and foot sore and the woman near to exhaustion, and because he was a merciful hotel-keeper Hasan greeted them as cheerfully as though he had been expecting them all day, gave them something to eat and drink, and then confessed to them his problem. "But there will be room in the stable," he comforted them, and down to the stable beyond the palm trees the proprietor guided the man and wife. "Peter," he called to the stable boy, "where will you put these two more?" Peter thought, then answered, "Why not let them have the third stall down there on the right? We can take the cow out and let her spend the night under the trees." And thus it was arranged, and as he bade them a good evening, Hasan jocosely remarked, "There is a good manger in your stall, but I fancy you won't need to use it." Laughing at his own witticism, the hotel man returned to his house and soon the quiet of night had descended on all the inn's population.

But it was a strange night. Guests were uneasy everywhere. There seemed to be lights and sounds of mystical music. There seemed to be invisible presences. There seemed to be an unwonted tension in the air. It was as though something weird and supernatural were happening. Hasan's sleep was broken, and right early in the morning he was about to rise and begin the busy day when he heard voices. "Can it be some belated travellers?" he sleepily asked himself. But as the voices moved away into the distance in the direction of the palm trees, he thought no more of it, and arose a while later only to meet on the portico in the mild morning dawn light none other than the deformed Barig. But Barig was not deformed. His bent back had become straight. He was exultantly feeling of his limbs and his body, trying to acquaint himself with some wondrous change which had taken place during the night. "See," he cried out to Hasan, and gave a leap into the air that completely dumbfounded that person. While the marvel of this meeting with Barig was still unsolved, the voice of Rachel sounded out through the window; "Hasan. Barig. Roash. Hear me talk! My tongue has lost its stammering!" And sure enough, she was speaking as clearly as though she had always had a ready speech. "This is indeed a day of mysteries," Hasan was exclaiming to Barig, when from across the courtyard Roash came running at the top of his speed. At every step he shouted, "I see! I see! Some God has given my my sight again." And when Barig and Rachel and Roash had each learned of the other's good fortune, there was a questioning that amounted almost to consternation. "How did it happen?" Nor could the usually ready Hasan give an answer to this question.

But the answer was near at hand. At that moment joyous voices sounded from the direction of the stable beyond the palm trees. Peter came dashing up to Hasan with, "Oh, master, the greatest news!" And a group of men followed after, shepherds evidently, their crooks in their hands, the dew of their night's vigil with their flocks still shining from their hair and beards. "And who are these? asked Hasan of Peter. 'They are shepherds who brought us the news." And then the chief shepherd interrupted, "Yes, we followed the star and it brought us to your stable. Haven't you heard? Don't you know? The Christ-Child came last night. He was born in your stable down beyond the palm trees." "Yes," added Peter, "in the third stall where the cow was. And the Babe now is lying in the manger."

And then Hasan thought of the marvels that had happened, of Barig's straightened back, of Rachel's restored speech, of Roash's returning eyesight, and with rapture in his tones he exclaimed, "I understand." A few moments later the three souls who usually sat so sadly under the portico had heard the wonderful news. And in voices that sounded as one they cried out, "The Golden Age. The Golden Age is here."

That afternoon a lad was sitting under a palm tree thinking out loud. "Wasn't it wonderful?" he was saying to himself, "that the Great God let me be stable boy in the place where the Christ was born."

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES IN THE SPOKANE COUNTRY.

An Account of the Labors of Revs. Elkanah Walker and Cushing Eells.

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

Missionaries have been among the world's greatest pioneers and explorers. They are peerless contributors to science, art, literature and commerce, as well as promoters of civilization and religion. No agencies are comparable to the Christian churches in their beneficent influence in advancing human welfare. Untold millions of humanity have been mightily improved, yea, elevated from the degradation of idolatry to civilization, during the last century, through the agency of foreign missionary societies. And among these societies, none has surpassed in salutary results the two great Congregational foreign missionary societies, the London missionary society of England and the A. B. C. F. M. of this country. Two or three references are sufficient proof. Dr. Livingstone of the London society added to the known regions of the world a million square miles of territory, and brought to civilization twenty-five different sorts of fruits, and also new oils, dyes, fibres and animals. The sages of Europe acknowledged his various and versatile successes as being without precedent. The British geographical society conferred upon him the highest honor in their power to bestow.

Carl Ritter, the "Prince of geographers," magnanimously acknowledged his indebtedness to missionaries for material; and of the "Missionary Herald" he says: "It contains the most valuable documents that have ever been sent over by any society, where a rich store of scientific, historical and antiquarian details may be seen."

Rev. John Thomas Gulick, a son of an American Board missionary, and once serving under the same Board as a missionary in China and Japan, has brought to the notice of the scientific world one hundred and twenty new species. Of him Prof. Geo. J. Romanes, the eminent scientist, said: "He is the most profound of living thinkers upon Darwinian topics, and his twenty years' of thought are of more importance to the theory of evolution than any that have been published during the post-Darwinian period."

The distinct contributions of Christian missions to the material growth and prosperity of this Republic have been magnificent, important and inestimably valuable. Before (and early in our national history) the heroic missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church pushed their way across the great lakes, and into the immense wilderness of the interior, living among the native Indians, sharing their experiences, and learning their plays and customs, as the historian Bancroft puts it: "Planting the token of Christianity among the wigwams of savage tribes, daring, enduring, suffering privations, sickness, pain and death in their heroic endeavors to win a continent for the kingdom of France and God."

They and Protestant missionaries continued to carry the emblem of Christianity across the continent to the Pacific ocean, and away north to frozen Alaska. And through their instrumentality the gospel has been carried to all the aboriginal tribes of North America; and among the results are that terrible warfares and perpetual conflicts between the army of the United States and hostile Indians have given

place to orderly communities, the schoolhouse and the church; and untold millions of dollars have been saved to the government. The Peace Commissioners estimated that one mission of the American Board accomplished what would cost the government twenty millions of dollars. And if there had been less militarism and more missionary work, the eloquent Wendell Phillips could not have said that every Indian head had cost a milion dollars to the United States.

Nowhere has the history of missions been more interesting, and romantic, and the influence of missionaries more far-reaching, than that of the American Board on the Pacific coast. After I had attempted to tell some of the facts in a Minneapolis church over a score of years ago a prominent lawyer told me that it was a very fine fairy tale.

No attempt is made at this time to cover the facts relative to the early missionary operations on the Pacific coast. All Christian people ought to be familiar with the splendid work of the first missionaries of the M. E. church, the Lees and others in Western Oregon, and that of Spalding and Whitman on this side of the mountains. All of them deserve the gratitude of the nation, and their names should be held in everlasting remembrance.

At this time we devote our attention to the early missionaries in the Spokane country, the establishment of Christian work, and the Christian home, in this region, or the whole "Inland Empire" north of the Snake river.

In the interest of accurate history it is worthy of mention that missionaries were not the first Americans to settle in the Spokane country. One hundred and one years ago last August, the Pacific fur company, an American company, financed by John Jacob Astor, New York, established a post at the mouth of the little Spokane river. The post is referred to and described, more or less, by the early historians—Alexander Ross, Gabriel Franchier, Ross Cox, Irving and Samuel Parker. This establishment was for profit and destitute of a woman, and also a home, and did not exert a perceptible civilizing influence. The British Northwest company got possession of the post in about a year and it was abandoned in 1825.

The first missionary to the Spokane country, and all the Inland Empire, was the Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ithica, N. Y. He was a graduate of Williams College, and of the first class of Andover Seminary, and was for years a home missionary in New York state. He offered himself to the American Board as a missionary to Oregon, as early as 1833, but was not appointed until the following year, when he started, to find himself too late to accompany the American fur company.

The following year, 1835, he and Dr. Marcus Whitman started together, and went as far as the east side of the Rocky Mountains. There they found the Nez Perce and Flathead Indians so numerous that they deemed it advisable for Whitman to return east for recruits. Parker continued on his journey westward, guided by hundreds of Indians who were eager to receive instructions. He made careful notes of all he saw and heard, and studied the characteristics and customs of the Indians as well as their language, and as much as possible preached the gospel to them.

He reached Fort Vancouver late in the fall, where he spent the winter teaching the children of the Hudson Bay company. Early in the spring he came up the Columbia, and near the mouth of the Snake river, about where Pasco is, he left the river, and traveled with a guide across the country eastward as far as lake Couer d'Alene. He then traveled northward, crossing the Spokane valley about 15 miles east of Spokane where the grass was two feet high. Then he followed the river westward, passed the falls down to the mouth of the Little Spokane river where he saw remnants of the Pacific Fur Company's post. He continued his journey northward, through small prairies and timber country, and passing Loon lake to the Colville valley.

He was an extraordinary geologist and botanist and saw indications of limestone, marble and precious ores, on the way, and observed a great variety of flora. After reaching Fort Colville on the Columbia, he continued his journey down the Columbia to the mouth of the Okanogan river. Here he and guide left their horses and went in a canoe as fast as the wind to Fort Walla Walla.

It was late in the fall when he reached Fort Vancouver. Not finding Dr. Whitman there, he took passage home via the Sandwich Islands. He never returned to this country but published a book giving account of his journey which elicited the commendation of eminent scientists. There were twenty-five thousand copies of the book published, and Mr. Parker lectured scores of times on Oregon, and was especially interested in this country to the end of his life, which was beyond 80 years; and so were his sons after him. Mr. Parker was doubtless the first to preach the gospel to the Indians of the Inland Empire, and his book contains the most valuable information of this country and the Indians of all early writers.

The first to establish a Christian mission and home in this country, the whole upper Columbia country, between the Rocky mountains and the Cascades, were Revs. Elkanah Walker and Cushing Eells. They were born respectively in Maine and Massachusetts, 110 and 104 years ago. As soon as they completed their theological courses, Walker at Bangor Seminary, Me., Eells at East Windsor, now Hartford, Conn., each took to himself a wife on the same day, March 6th, 1838, and on the following day started for Oregon as missionaries of the American Board. It was a long and wearisome bridal trip, for it was over a year before they were settled in their 12x14 log cabins at Tshimakain. They reached Waiilatpu, the end of September—the Whitman mission established two years before. I heard Cushing Eells, with a grim smile, telling of the first scene he witnessed at the Whitman mission. It was an exhibition by an Indian how he could shoot under the body of a horse while riding at a full gallop. Dr. Whitman seemed to enjoy it.

After about a week's rest the two men started north in search of a location to establish a mission. They crossed the snake river near Riparia, and the Palouse river above the Little Falls. Then they followed Cow Creek to the "big lake" near Sprague, where they spent two or three days, one a Sabbath of rest and worship. From there they followed the Indian trail to Cheney and Medical Lake, and then across the four mound prairie to the Spokane river, crossing it near the LaPray bridge.

From the river they went through Tshimakain (place of springs) to the Colville valley. They reached Chewelah about the middle of October and preached to a large number of Indians through an interpreter; and Dr. Eells says in a letter that there were Spokane river Indians among them. Two more days' journey brought them to Fort Colville, near Marcus. Mr. Walker says that the sight made his heart glad as he saw the valley and hills covered with cattle and horses. The officers and employees of the Hudson Bay Company were white men, but the wives had Indian blood in them. They were treated kindly and hospitably by the chief officer, Mr. McDonald, and aided in establishing a mission, though evident that he did not want them so near him, as the Jesuits established a mission about a decade after. Mr. McDonald recommended two locations as adapted for a mission, near the PendeOreille lake or at Tshimakain, now known as Walker's prairie, named after the missionary. After reasonable exploration they decided on the latter place. The lodge of the Spokane chief was on the little prairie. The spot, which is 25 miles northwest of the City of Spokane, is now marked by a monument erected by the Washington historical society and Congregational churches five years ago.

The missionaries were well received by the Spokane Indians, to whom all historians have given credit for mildness rather than savagery. The natives aided the new comers in erecting two log cabins, after which the missionaries left for the Whitman mission to spend the winter studying the Indian language. A Nez Perce chief by the name of Lawyer instructed the missionaries in the Spokane language. By the end of February, according to their promise, there were a dozen Spokane Indians at the Whitman mission ready to help and guide their teachers to their new home.

It was April 1839 that the women, and the new baby, Cyrus Hamlin Walker, established the first Christian home amid the high grass, beside the Tshimakain spring and stream. Here they labored for a decade, sometimes amid

trying circumstances, but they enjoyed it because they loved the Indians and thoroughly believed in the gospel which they preached.

Mr. Eells' house was burned, and about everything they had in January of the second year, and on a night when it registered 10 degrees below zero.

Lieutenant Johnson and another member of the Commodore Wilkes' expedition, visited the mission in 1841 when the men were absent. They recorded that "they were received by two cultured ladies with great hospitality, and though living in rough log houses, everything was scrupulously clean, and both seemed happy, cheerful and contented."

Who can imagine the toil and sacrifices of these brave men and women. I heard Dr. Eells saying that the sixth winter was a very cold one with the ground covered with deep snow for months. The two cows which the Hudson Bay company had loaned them (they would not sell) had increased to a herd of 12 or more. But during this winter they all perished but one, and Dr. Eells said: "We shared our flour with the last cow to keep it alive to feed our babies." There was no sign of race suicide there for by this time six children had come.

The two missionaries divided the work so that Mr. Eells did most of the traveling and preaching among the Indians from place to place. He was away from home sometimes from 20 to 30 days, suffering hardships for the Master. Mr. Walker gave much of his time to teaching the Indians. For that reason he studied the Spokane language assiduously and mastered it, so as to be able to reduce it to writing. Dr. Myron Eells states that Mr. Walker had mastered the Indian language more than his father, Dr. Cushing Eells. Mr. Walker translated a portion of the New Testament into the Indian language. He had a pamphlet published, 16 pages 5 by 6, printed on the first press that came to the Pacific coast, sent by the American Board from the Sandwich Islands to Rev. H. H. Spalding at Lapwai. The title of the pamphlet was "Etshut thly siais thlu litskai litlunish." Lapyai, 1842. It contained the alphabet, numerals, a primer of the language, speller, and Bible stories. The only copy I know of is in charge of the Oregon historical society, at Portland.

These missionaries were compelled to to leave their mission at Tshimakain following the Whitman massacre. Nevertheless, the Spokane Indians continued faithful and true to the end. They were willing to fight in their defense, and a band followed them to Fort Walla Walla, and as they parted plead with the missionaries to return.

The missionaries and families went to Forest Grove, Oregon, and there had a prominent part in the founding and fostering of Pacific University, as well as organizing and fostering churches.

As an evidence of the impression which the missionaries made on the Spokane Indians, we can say that the majority of them proved loyal to the principles taught them as they understood them, though without a resident teacher for 25 years. A delegation of them visited Rev. H. H. Spalding at Lapwai, Idaho, in 1873, pleading with him to come and preach to them. He responded and there was a great revival with scores of hopeful conversions and a church of about one hundred members organized. Mr. Spalding was succeeded by Rev. H. T. Cowley, and his Indian School of 60 members near the corner of Division and 6th avenue, Spokane, was the first educational institution in the Spokane country. The Indian mission is continued to this day under the auspices of the Presbyterians. Twenty years ago I preached to over 200 of them, and they seemed to understand and appreciate me better than ordinary Americans do.

Dr. Cushing Eells returned to Walla Walla, as soon as the country was opened to white settlers, in 1859. There he laid the foundations for Whitman College, famous throughout the land. For three decades he served as a home missionary, without pay, and preached to the Indians as opportunity offered itself. He was an organizer and builder of churches. He was a great but unassuming man, the most apostolic man I ever knew, and thank God for knowing him.

Cushing Eells was the father of higher education and music, and Elkanah Walker the father of literature in the State of Washington, yea, in the Inland Empire.

Fathel Eells (as he was known among the old settlers) made an impression upon all who knew him, even the most ungodly. An old pioneer of the Colville country told me 27 years ago that there never had been an honest Indian agent. But when I informed him that the son of Father Eells was an Indian agent, he declared with a flourish that he believed that the son of Father Eells could even be an honest Indian agent, but it was a miracle of course.

They all, from Walla Walla to Colville, which was the parish of Father Eells, believed that he was a true, sincere and consecrated Christian minister. Oh, how he loved this country, the Indians and the early settlers! He prayed for them to the end. He felt like Dr. Livingstone, who left among his last messages to the world from dark Africa: "All I can add in my loneliness is, may God's richest blessing come down on this land and its people, and all who will bless it." The inscription on First church window at Spokane is applicable: "Fervent in Spirit, Serving the Lord."

Mr. and Mrs. Walker passed to their reward at Forest Grove in good old age. So did Mrs. Eells at Skokomish 35 years ago, and Dr. Eells at Tacoma, 20 years ago on his 83rd birthday, and encomiums of his services and sacrifices were declared and published from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

These men and their wives were the founders of Christian civilization in this region. They were truly of the apostolic succession. Not writers but makers of history. and is it not our duty to revere the memories of those who have sown the seed for the centuries? Is it not full time to reverse the course of history, by preserving the names of those who have built rather than those who have destroyed? Such people are the best evidences of Christianity.

To people of like spirit the world is indebted for the best there is in it. It would be gratifying, if time permitted, to speak of some other great and good men of former days, especially the ones whose names are on that window: Dr. G. H. Atkinson, the statesman missionary of Oregon and author of the expression "Inland Empire"; and also the indefatigable general missionary, Rev. N. F. Cobleigh, who dropped in the harness 27 years ago.

We can hardly realize the great changes that have taken place since these early missionaries crossed the continent on horseback. When they came there were but 51 Americans in all old Oregon, including the Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana of today, where there are two millions of people. Then there were but thirteen settlements, all mission stations and Hudson Bay posts. It was 5 years afterwards before there was a wagon road to the Columbia river. In place of the freight car was the pack saddle, and the canoe filled the place of the steamer.

Now there are six transcontinental railroads carrying multitudes to the western sea in less days than it took them months.

Among the sons of the missionaries born at Tshimakain was the late Myron Eells, D.D., an indefatigable missionary among the Skokomish Indians for three decades, and an historian and author of repute. Rev. J. E. Walker, D.D., has been a missionary in China for forty-one years, and is counted among the most useful. There are other sons and grandsons, and a daughter and granddaughters, all honorable and useful. Cyrus Hamlin Walker, of Albany, Ore., is now publishing a series of articles entitled, "Memories of Old Oregon," in the Rural Oregonian.

LATEST PRESBYTERIAN ACTION ON CHURCH UNION IN CANADA.

The Committee on Church Union of the Presbyterian Church in Canada has adopted the following: "That having considered further amendments to the present basis of union and alternative proposals as sent in from presbyteries, sessions, congregations and individuals, we do now, in accordance with the instructions of the General Assembly and

in the hope that union may be consummated without any unnecessary delay, ask our sub-committee to confer with representatives of the other negotiating churches with a view to common agreement on an amended basis. That the sub-committee be further instructed to bring before the joint committee the desirability of a complete survey of church conditions throughout the Dominion that before any vote is taken our people may know the facts." It was agreed to recommend to the Joint Committee on Church Union that the basis of union contain the following statement of the attitude of the united Church toward a wider union: "It shall be the policy of the united Church to foster the spirit of unity everywhere, both in its own midst and so far as it can in other Christian churches, in the hope that this sentiment of unity may in due time, so far as Canada is concerned, take shape in a church which may fittingly be described as national." A minority report will also be presented to the Assembly.

A VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN A BOOK CLUB.

I belong to a book club. It has a name so long and so unusual that I do not pretend to remember it, but though there may be much in a name, there is absolutely nothing in this one which prevents the club bearing it being an unqualified success.

There are twenty-five members in this club, living in a district, part of which is a city of 20,000 people. Some of the members live in the smaller towns nearby and some in the country. Electric roads extend the whole length of the district, which at the longest is some twelve or fifteen miles. Owing to this facility the distribution of books is not difficult. The only duty falling upon the subscriber is the passing on to the next subscriber the books which he or she has had two weeks to read.

The books are sent out in the first place by some official of the club by whose deft hands they are carefully covered in rather heavy paper. The title and the author's name as they appear on the original wrapper are neatly pasted on the cover and, where possible, on the back. Inside the cover of each book is a list of the subscribers, and, also, a list of the books for the year, with the date on which each book goes into the hands of each subscriber. The books present the neatest appearance and, I am sure, get back to the official who started them on their rounds in as perfect condition as when they left that official's hands. At the end of the year they are sold by auction to the club members.

Two books, and sometimes three, are permitted to remain two weeks with each subscriber. Usually a book of essays or sketches, or perhaps a short book of poems, like Ashton Smith's wonderful little volume, accompany a heavier book such as biography, etc.

Now for the books themselves. Among the most important which it has been my privilege to have during the year 1913 are: Bryce's South America; Bennett's Your United States; Benson's Child of the Dawn; Foster's Message of Robert Browning; Royce's Sources of Religious Insight; Shuster's Strangling of Persia; Ward's Cardinal Newman (2 vols.); Repplier's Americans and Others; Hayne's Henrietta Maria; Stephen's Margaret of France; Smith's Star Treader.

The reader will notice there is no fiction. That is obtainable easily elsewhere. As a rule few people can afford to buy high priced books like some of the above; and it is not always that public libraries keep such books for circulation. The committee entrusted with the choice of books for the past year certainly did their work well. A perusal of the whole list would convince any lover of books that a most admirable choice has been made. Few committees, I am sure, could improve on it.

To adopt the title of Mr. George Hamlin Fitch's charming little volume this club has demonstrated that there is much "Comfort in Good Books." At least so I found it.

And now as to the cost. All these books, and there were fifty-four of them in the year just closing, came into my hands for three dollars for the whole twelve months. Can anybody, for twenty-five cents a month, obtain greater value?

Are there not other communities to which such rare privileges are possible for the same small amount of money? V.

METHODIST PROTESTANT AND UNITED BRETHREN UNION.

The Methodist Recorder, representative of the Methodist Protestant Church, has the following on the proposed union:

"We have twenty-nine regular conferences in the Methodist Protestant Church, a regular conference being one which is entitled to a voting representation in the General Conference. All these conferences have now voted on the union question, except the Maryland, which does not meet until spring. One small conference, and one only, has voted against the union. Twenty-two conferences, being three-fourths of the whole number, have endorsed and adopted without amendment the basis of union and the resolutions as reported by the commissioners. Four others have adopted resolutions which make no essential departures from the vote of the twenty-two conferences, all of them declaring unequivocally for the union and joining in the call for a special session of the General Conference. This essential unanimity is a happy result, whatever may have been the individual opinion of any one on the original merits of the question. It remains now for every conference and every church, every minister and layman, to manifest such a spirit of mutual concession as will insure final and complete unity, bringing into the union, when it comes, not only every conference, but every congregation, and, if possible, every communicant. The principle of minority representation should be distinctly recognized in this great movement, which so intimately concerns every institution, every interest and every heart, in both of these denominations. Whether in the method of procedure or in the factors which shall enter into the final basis of union, the majority, we are sure, will enter with fraternal gladness into this spirit of sympathetic concession, and, by whatsoever paths, the Lord our Saviour, whose ultimate will should be our only law, will lead us into a glorious union, making glad the city of God."

Why is last month like a cricket? Because it's a past time.

Perhaps if the women of the United States ever do secure control of the government they will promptly change the pictorial representative of our land from "Uncle Sam" to "Aunt Somebody."

DR. GLADDEN BECOMES PASTOR EMERITUS.

The last week in December the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who had been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, for 31 years, presented his resignation and was made pastor emeritus at a salary of $2,500. In the letter to the Church Dr. Gladden said:

"The time has come when the present dual leadership of the church should come to an end, and the pastoral care should be definitely committed to the man whom you have already chosen for the task, and who has proved himself so capable of performing it, leaving me to render such supplementary service as may be grateful to him and profitable for you. I ask you, therefore, to transfer me to the relation of pastor emeritus. I do not wish the relation to be a sinecure. I hope to be able to do nearly as much work for some time to come as I have been doing for the last few months, and I wish to assist in every possible way in promoting the welfare of the church which is dearer to me than my life. But I desire to work in a subordinate position: to give loyal support to the plans of the leader; to have it definitely understood by all of you that it is his plans that the church is following and that the credit and responsibility of the leadership belongs to him.

Preaching is a privilege and a joy to me. It was never more so than it has been during the last year, nor have I ever preached to congregations so large and so responsive as those of this year now ending. I shall continue to preach, when it is desired, and will take part, so far as I can, in any other kind of church work. I would like to feel as long as I can that I am earning my daily bread; and although the day will come when I shall be compelled to fold my hands and be wholly dependent, I hope that that day will be short.

I hope to keep my home in the city, and shall be here, probably, the greater part of the time, but if my health admits of it, I shall be absent occasionally, as the needs of rest or the opportunities of service may call me elsewhere.

This should involve of course considerable reduction in my salary; what that shall be I leave entirely to you.

I need not say that this conclusion has not been reached by me without some keen regrets. The work of the pastorate has been the joy of my life; the work itself has been my daily bread; it has nourished and refreshed me; it has kept me well and strong.

In giving me the privilege of working among you, and in making the conditions of my work so free, and so rewarding you have given me the greatest good that any man can crave. There has been no day within the last 20 years when any offer which any other church could give could have tempted me away from you; I have been as happy here as any man has a right to be.

But of course, I have always known that such a surrender of leadership must come; and both you and I have deep reason for thanksgiving that it passes from my hands into hands so strong and skillful. The standards will not be lowered, the work will go on with increasing vigor. There have been predictions all along that when my work was done this church would fall to pieces. It was a sorry compliment to my work. I hope that it is evident by this time that such vaticinations were not well founded. For the First Congregational Church of Columbus the best is yet to be. I hope to live to see many great things done which I have never been able to do Every one of them will add to my happiness. And the more closely you stand together, and the more loyally you follow your leader, the more perfectly you will fulfill my joy."

In accepting the resignation the church adopted the following committee report:

"We recognize with love and gratitude the devoted and inestimable services which Dr. Washington Gladden has given to this church during his pastorate of 31 years; we realize that no act of ours can approximately repay this service; but we realize also the sincerity of his motives in asking to be relieved of the burden of the active pastorate, while retaining his connection with the pulpit, to which his preaching has given such eminent authority for the past generation.

"We therefore recommend that the First Congregational Church and Society accede to his request by electing Dr. Washington Gladden to the position of pastor emeritus, at an annual salary of $2500.

"In 1911, Rev. Carl S. Patton, D. D., assumed the duties of associate pastor of the church. These duties have been so capably and loyally performed that the church rejoices to think that no mistake was made when Dr. Patton was invited to come to us. By his fearless and original preaching he has challenged our intellectual interest; by his tireless enthusiasm as a pastor he has won our admiration and loyalty. We therefore recommend that Dr. Carl S. Patton be elected pastor of this church at an annual salary of $5000."

Dr. Gladden, whose eminent work is known all around the world, was born in Pennsylvania on the 11th of February, 1836. He was graduated from Williams College in 1859; was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1860. Pastorates: Brooklyn, New York 1860-61; Morrisania; N. Y., 1861-66; North Adams, Mass., 1866-71; North Church, Springfield, Mass., 1874-82; First Church, Columbus, Ohio, since 1882. From 1871 to 1874 Dr. Gladden was on the editorial staff of the New York Independent. He is the autor of books as follows:

Plain Thoughts on Art of Living, From the Hub to the Hudson, Workingmen and Their Employers, Being a Christian, The Christian Way, The Lord's Prayer, Things New and Old, The Young Men and the Churches, Applied Christianity, Parish Problems, Burning Questions, Santa Claus on a Lark, Who Wrote the Bible? Tools and the Man, The Cosmopolis City Club, The Church and the Kingdom, Ruling ideas of the Present Age, Seven Puzzling Bible Books, Social Facts and Forces, Art and Morality, The Christian Pastor, How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines? Straight Shots at Young Men, Social Salvation, The Practice of Immortality, Witnesses of the Light, Where Does the Sky Begin? Christianity and Socialism, The New Idolatry—The Church and Modern Life, Recollections, The Labor Questions.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR MESSAGES AND WISHES.

We give here a few excerpts from Christmas and New Year messages and wishes sent out by our coast pastors:

Hugh Elmer Brown, Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

I wish you the happiness of a quiet heart—the hallowed interludes, most open to the invasions of the Infinite; golden hours of truce, when you feel afresh the beauty of the world, the worth of man, the spell of Christ and the wondrous nearness of God.

I wish you the happiness of an optimistic mind—the morning spirit alert to all latent nobilities, thoughts charged with a delicate laughter, splendid eyes for the dawn.

Raymond C. Brooks, First Church, Berkeley.

I challenge you to seize from the opportunities which crowd the hours of every day the chance to say the word

and do the thing by which your life will be enriched and the world made happier, that we may take from the hands of time the gifts of eternal worth.

I challenge you to meet truth with a devout and teachable mind, to face duty with a steady and courageous heart, to encounter temptation with a determined but obedient will.

I challenge you to live each day in the spirit of Jesus that we may hear the whisper of the better angels of our nature and find our way into the life that is life indeed.

George E. Atkinson, Campbell, Cal.

As the ocean is made up of single drops of water, and a meadow of single blades of grass, so life is made up of little things.

The life that counts is the one that seeks to fill the passing moments with things worth while.

It is worth while to encourage a fainting heart. It is worth while to woo a smile to a tear-stained cheek. It is worth while to turn wandering feet into the better way. It is worth while to expose all about us to the contagion of a sunny well-tempered smile.

May you and I be neither dreamers nor drudges in the year just before us, but doers of things worth while!

A. W. Palmer, Plymouth Church, Oakland.

Let us all this New Year gird ourselves as never before to the task of self-mastery and self-improvement. Let us struggle harder against our weaknesses, and give ourselves more diligently to securing a searching and sympathetic insight into the life about us. Let us do this not for any selfish personal ends, but only that we may be more effective against brutality and stupidity and more useful in the cause of justice and good will.

We call Jesus the Savior of the World. He can only save the world through men and women like you and me who shall catch His vision and share His passion for all that is lost and outcast and forgotten.

F. J. Van Horn, Plymouth Church, Seattle.

May I be among the first to wish you a Merry Christmas —to greet you with a word of joy for the world's great Joy-Feast!

What if the year has not been all we had hoped—the Christ has come! What if some things have been hard to bear—the Savior is here! What if we are conscious of fault and failure in life's battle—Jesus is in the field! What if we know little of the future and grope toward the misty days that are to be—He will be with us "even to the end of the days!"

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the Violet in blue
To the Bee with surprise
At his wonderful size
In her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quote he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
Of honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

—John B. Tabb.

There is a good bit of counterfeit virtue in the world, in spite of the fact that it is supposed to be its own reward.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Six members were received Sunday.

Oakland, Myrtle.—Four persons entered into the fellowship of this church last Sunday.

North Berkeley.—Two persons were received to membership at the Sunday communion service.

Berkeley, First.—Fourteen persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, coming by letter.

Oakland, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. David Beaton of Janesville, Wisconsin.

Santa Cruz.—Eight persons were welcomed into fellowship at the communion service on January 4, two on confession.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The Richmond Church gave the pastor, Rev. O. P. Avery, as a Christmas gift a gold watch, beautifully engraved.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—Work for the large Mexican population in the vicinity of this church has been established under the leadership of Rev. James D. Eaton, D.D.

Brea.—A church was organized in this locality on Wednesday, Dec. 31. Under the leadership of I. B. Le Clair a lot has been secured, $300 raised toward a building fund, and a nucleus of eleven members gathered.

Los Angeles, West End.—On Dec. 28 this church received six people into its fellowship, bringing the membership to 83. In the evening its choir, with the aid of the Park Church choir, gave F. Flaxington Harker's cantata, "The Star of Bethlehem."

Los Angeles, Mayflower.—Rev. L. F. McGinty, for about two years pastor of this church, has just closed his work here. Mr. McGinty has done unusually effective work with this church, showing the possibilities of what was considered an impossible field.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Twenty-two were received into membership on Christmas morning. One hundred and seven have been received into the membership of the Lake Avenue Church during the year 1913, fifty-five on confession and fifty-two by letter.

San Francisco, First.—Kathleen Parlow, one of the world's great violinists, will give a concert in aid of the building fund in the Cort Theater on the afternoon of Thursday, January 15, at 3:15. Seats on sale at $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Nineteen persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, eight uniting on confession of faith.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The church has had a net gain of one hundred and fifty during the past year, and numbers 550. The Sunday-school average attendance is about 200 more than it was a year ago. Great credit for this is due to the two student assistants, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Martin, the securing of whom Mr. Palmer regards as one of the best advances of the year.

Long Beach. At the January communion service 35 new members were received, three on confession. Great interest and large attendance has marked the series of evening addresses by the pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, on "The Prophets of Our Age" in which the life and work of Tolstoi, Wells, Eucken, Lloyd-George, Materlinck and Bergson were reviewed. The foundations of the new building are nearly all completed and the cornerstone will be laid the last of this month. Church services are being held in Plymouth chapel, the Sunday school being housed by the courtesy of the Board of Education in one of the school buildings.

CHRISTMAS AT THE MISSIONS.

The exercises were notable all along the line. Of course I could not attend them all. Reports from Southern California are such as determine me to spend the next Christmas season there. It will be the first time in thirty years. In four of the missions, cantatas were rendered in the English language, as well as I ever heard them rendered by any American Sunday school. These were Berkeley, Sacramento and Chinese in San Francisco, and Bethlehem Japanese in Los Angeles. The last, of course, I did not hear, but it was described to me as being perfect. At Sacramento in the midst of the heaviest storm of wind and rain that I have experienced in years, the chapel was crowded to the doors. On the evening following we had a special devotional service at which the motto for the year was given: "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day and forever," and three young men were baptized. The festival in San Francisco called together an audience which packed every inch of standing room, and which must have numbered 450. The devotional service was held last Sunday evening. Five were added to the church, two by letter and three on confession.

W. C. P.

DEDICATION AT PARK CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

In 1884 Park Church, the second in Los Angeles, was organized in what was considered a very favorable location. The church prospered, and a few years later a building was erected at the corner of Temple and Metcalf streets. But the growth of the church was seriously hindered by the sinking of oil wells in the vicinity, and by the abandonment of this part of the city as a choice residential section. Accordingly lots were purchased during the administration of Rev. J. H. Cooper at the corner of Douglas street and Bellevue avenue, but the church was unable to sell its Temple street property and the building project hung fire for some time. Meanwhile the church was suffering because of its poorly equipped and badly located house of worship.

About a year ago, however, under the leadership of Rev. A. W. Hare, who was acting as supply, a sale was effected and the erection of the new church begun. On Sunday, the 4th of January, the building was dedicated to the worship of God. In the morning a "home gathering" was held, the sermon being preached by Mr. Cooper, for nine years pastor of the church; the Rev. Thomas Hendry, Mr. Cooper's predecessor in the pastorate, assisting in the communion. In the afternoon at the dedication service Mr. Hare presided. The Scripture was read by Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn, pastor of the West End Church, Park's nearest Congregational neighbor. Addresses were given by Rev. George M. Morrison, pastor of the North Church, Pasadena, and moderator of the Los Angeles Association, and by Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the Church Building Society. Rev. I. C. Meserve of the Oneonta Park Church preached the sermon, and the prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. T. J. Brown of the East Church of Los Angeles. An offering was taken up, which amounted to about $540, with a further conditional pledge of $50. In the evening the cantata, "The Star of Bethlehem," was given by the united Park Church and West End Church choirs.

It is now possible for Park Church to take her proper place in Los Angeles Congregationalism as a successful neighborhood church. The building is in perfect taste, richly furnished, and beautiful in every way. Every facility is provided which a live neighborhood church needs. At the same time its builders have avoided the almost fatal mistake, which tempts so many ambitious churches, of building a church so large that an ordinary congregation is lost in it. We may now expect solid and substantial progress from this church.

H. V. H.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be by the Rev. Dr. David Beaton of Janesville, Wisconsin.

At the Los Angeles Congregational Ministers' Meeting of Monday, Jan. 5, Prof. Charles Alexander of Boston spoke briefly on "Paul Lawrence Dunbar." The address of the day was by Rev. John L. Maile of Olivet Church on "The Atonement." Next Monday Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher will speak on "The Inspiration of the Bible."

Pacific Theological Seminary has purchased a new site close to the University grounds—just south of the Greek Theater where new buildings will be erected, as soon as funds can be secured therefor. The lots have a frontage of 380 feet and a depth of 250 feet. The purchase price was $80,000. The location is a sightly one, well suited for Seminary purposes, and all friends of the Seminary will hope to see going up there in the not distant future buildings adequate for the work of the institution.

Last Sunday evening Rabbi Martin A. Meyer of San Francisco spoke in the First Congregational Church of Oakland. An announcement the Sunday before on the calendar said: "Dr. Meyer is distinguished not only as a scholar and leader among his own people, but as a man of broad spirit and conspicuous ability who serves his city and the public with devotion and courage. We are glad to start the year with this expression of faith that under all our differences of creed we are brethren, serving the common Father, and working together for the betterment of our kind."

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Redlands for December the 14th contained the following note: "A long letter has been received from Dr. Williams this past week. His hands have nearly healed so that he was able to write the entire letter. They have been visiting old friends in Boston, who were formerly attendants of this church. Their present address is 210 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., where they have very pleasant rooms near the Public Library, and intend to remain there all winter." The Boston Transcript for December the 27th stated that Dr. Williams had entered into arrangement to supply the pulpit at Woburn, Massachusetts, for eight months while Dr. Norton, the pastor, is on a trip abroad. This means a change of residence to Woburn.

The Rev. E. C. Oakley of Mill Valley begins next Sunday morning a series of sermons which will set forth the modern conceptions of religious truth. Taking as his general subject "The Changing Orthodoxy," he will consider the striking changes which have taken place in modern thought upon certain fundamental themes of religion, and will set forth the comfort and satisfaction to be derived from these newer views. The topics for the several successive Sundays are: A Far God and a Near; The Creation of the Universe. An Act or a Process? The Parable of the Dragon Fly: A Spiritual Experience and a Grub Language; The Modern Thought about the Bible: Its Origin and Value; The Method of Revelation. Did God Ever Communicate with Man? Is Revelation Ancient and Local or Eternal and Universal? Mr. Oakley has sent out a very attractive announcement. In connection with the topic relating to the Bible he has the following note: "Dean Burgon of Oxford, England, said in 1861: 'The Bible is the very utterance of the Eternal. It is as much God's own word as if high heaven were opened and we heard God speaking to us with human voice. Every book is inspired alike and is inspired entirely.' Will that English opinion stand the test of today's judgment?" Following the topic, "The Method of Revelation," is the following from Browning's Paracelsus:

"To know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Notwithstanding a most malicious and unwarranted attack upon the Portland Y. M. C. A. at the beginning of 1913, by an unscrupulous and scandal-bearing newspaper, its work for the year has been encouraging throughout, as the following figures will show: Attendance at Bible classes, 1906-7, 357; 1907-8, 531; 1908-9, 1001; 1909,10, 1219; 1910-11, 1274; 1911-12, 1419; 1912-13, 1994.

In the educational department there were 1506 for the past school year as compared with 5411 during 1912. The physical department had 5950 different members using the gymnasium privileges during 1913, as compared with 3030 in 1912. The advisory and employment department filled 2907 position and granted 2593 interviews in the 1913.

As in years past, in this as well as many other cities, the problem of providing for the unemployed is a "vexed question." And it is made so largely by the habits of that class of persons.

To illustrate: The pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city, a year or more ago, was given an opportunity to address a gathering of several hundred so-called socialists. Among many things he said was this: "The world owes every man a living." And he repeated the expression three times, each time with increasing emphasis; and the applause which followed was deafening. Then, after a slight pause, he added, with still greater emphasis, "But I say unto you, Every man owes the world a life." That expression was not greeted with cheers, but with jeers.

The cause of the lack of employment in a large degree is inefficiency. If not that, it is irregular habits on the part of many who otherwise would be efficient.

It is a matter of personal knowledge on the part of this writer that hundreds of men three years ago worked on railroad construction for several months and accumulated several hundred dollars per man; and when the time came that they were out of employment temporarily, a large proportion of them spent their hard-earnings in dissipation—having a "good time," as they said, and became a charge upon those who saved their earnings to tide themselves over the inevitable "rainy day."

Of course it is true that many worthy persons meet with numerous misfortunes in the nature of illness, accidents, fires, etc., and deserve aid. All such should be provided for to the utmost to the end that they may be enabled to help themselves in due course. And as a rule there is no lack of sympathy and support on all such occasions in every community.

There was never a time in this city when the citizens as a class were more generous in response to calls for aid, without further questioning than to ascertain the need, than duuring the last two weeks. And now plans have been devised whereby all men having families to support will be given work at a reasonable wage, and single men, willing to work, will be given two days' work a week until they can do better. Those who are determined not to work, and that class is large, will be compelled to work or starve.

At the communion service in the First Church today eleven new members were added to the membership roll.

A "Happy New Year" to the Pacific force and all its readers!

Portland, January 4, 1914.

The Home.

THE TYRANNY OF LITTLE THINGS.

Centuries ago a wise man gave to the world his discovery that it is the little foxes that destroy the vines and render of no effort all our labor in the vineyard. They are so small and so innocent appearing, these little foxes, that they slip in and out of our homes unchided, and we never realize the mischief they do until too late; sometimes we never find our that 'tis these cunning creatures that made our life a burden and have driven us to distraction. They are so little, you know, so how could they do aught of harm?

We have always been on guard against the big foxes that everyone knows so well and that are supposed to fill day and night with their evil deeds, and who are so crafty that we must bend every energy in order to catch them at their tricks. And while we watch so carefully for the full-grown destroyers of our peace, the little fellows get in their work, then run to us to be fed and petted and coddled against the day of our undoing.

This truth, written so many ages ago, is truth still, and the little foxes of those far-away days are still the same in nature and habits as those that give us trouble now, in the advanced days of the twentieth century.

The little foxes that destroy the vines, the little drops of water that wear away the hardest rock, the petty irritations and the small duties of every day are one and the same, still as little regarded and just as guilty as in the days of that wise writer.

And just as the deluded ones of that day still clung to their belief that the big foxes were the ones that needed

watching, so do we of a later generation insist that the big foxes are the guilty creatures—the greater duties of every-day life that are to blame for all our troubles. So we go on, watching the grown foxes and the rushing streams that are to make us so much trouble, while the little foxes and the tiny rivulets are left to their own devices.

One of the little foxes that makes us so much trouble is our tendency to follow the same old treadmill round, to walk in the same old calf paths that all our ancestors have followed. We refuse to strike out in a path of our own, one that we really like better and which will get us to our destination just as quickly, because everybody else follows that zigzag trail. Everyone else follows the old calf path, therefore, we must do the same.

We follow the same old ways of housekeeping, of arranging our work, of doing this and doing that, just as we have done from the beginning and just as mother and grandmother did before us, and just as our neighbors, of whom we are in deathly fear, are doing day in and day out.

Another smooth little fox is System. Instead of making system our aid and ally, we make a fetich of it and fall down before it, even allowing it to rob us of all our reasoning power We wash our dishes and we sweep and make beds and bake and wash and iron by system, even while crying out in desperation that it is the deadly monotony that makes it all so hard. System must be followed, and the same old path is worn still deeper, because we cannot see that it is the letter that killeth and the spirit that maketh alive.

Then comes the craftiest little fox of all—the trying to live up to some other person's ways of living, to some other family's standard of dress and food and amusements and brooding over the inability to keep up the pace of those who have nothing else to do but to wish for something and then get it We envy them and feel that we and our children are just as good as our neighbors and deserve just as much, therefore, we lie awake, planning how to make one dollar do the work of three so that we may buy more up-to-date clothing and furnish our house still better and find a way to enter still "higher" society—all of which seems absolutely necessary to our future happiness. It is the little fox whose name is Envy and he will surely destroy the vines of domestic happiness if he is not detected at his work and promptly dispatched.

Then, again, we are ruled by things—things that every household is in subjection to, and yet dares not rebel. There is a collection of useless articles—cushions, boxes, china, foolish little pieces of furniture that are of no artistic value to anyone, that are in the way eternally, that gather dust and microbes, and make life a continual worry. Have you ever felt that if you could just gather up every cushion, every piece of useless china, every doily, and every article in the house that was of no real, practical use, and throw them into the nearest river, you would be a happier woman than you are now? And yet you go on, carefully dusting and arranging and putting in order these same utterly useless bits that worry us—the women folks—and change the easy-going men folks into cranks and chronic scolds who find no rest in their home. And above all and beyond all computation is the little fox, Worry. We worry over this and we worry over that, over things that have happened and things that may happen; we worry over things done and things left undone; we worry over what "somebody" has said or may say or do.

We know that it is not really the work, no matter how hard it may be, but the worry "that turns the dark hair gray"; it is not work but worry that puts the tiny wrinkles in the face and the tired look in the eye that ought to beam with undimmed fire. It is worry that shortens our years even to less than the three-score and ten; that is the shortest life anyone ought to be satisfied with.—Florence Hadley.

TINKERING OUR FAULTS.

"When I feel as if the world is all out of kilter," said Aunt Hannah in her shrewd way, "I begin tinkerin' it right at home By the time I get myself in good runnin' order, I generally find that the rest of the folks are going along at about the usual jog."

Maude had just been complaining that her best friend had treated her coolly at their last meeting. Anne had expressed her unfavorable opinion of the way last night's concert had been planned and carried out. Ralph had only a few minutes before confided to the others that to his mind the manners of certain new young folks in the place were open to much revision.

Three young faces flushed when Aunt Hannah looked up from her darning and placidly gave her recipe for setting the world right. The homely statement struck home. One of her hearers was prompt to acknowledge it.

"You're right, Aunt, Hannah," he declared. "I guess we'd better try that, too—hadn't we, girls? Do you remember that lecture we heard the other night? The speaker spoke about some one, Mattheman I think it was, who wrote, 'When looking for faults that need correcting use a mirror, not a telescope.' Let's try the mirror method—and do our tinkering at home, like Aunt Hannah."

Seeing the glaring faults of others and steadfastly ignoring our own little peculiarities is a human trait of quite ancient origin. Observance of the mote in our brother's eye and neglect of the beam in our own is a practice indulged in for countless years. And it is pretty poor business.

Why not form a League for Ignoring Other Folk's Faults? Or a Society for Beginning Reform at Home? It might be called the Mirror Club, or the Anti-Telescope Union. Or at least, each one of us can, like Aunt Hannah, be a reform element of one, laying honest claim to his share of the world's faults, and leaving others to handle theirs. He will at once "begin tinkerin' right at home" on his own mistakes and failings. If each one did that conscientiously the world would get into good "kilter" in short order.

"Tinkerin' " won't be easy. We shall have to bear constantly in mind that we can never work too earnestly and sincerely and prayerfully to correct our faults. We can never set our hopes and ideals too high. Our standards should never be short of perfection. There is a Gaelic proverb that says: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes." Nevertheless because of faults not yet overcome the best men never cease to strive after holiness. Like them, we can win only by untiring faith and effort; by climbing a little higher after each fall, by trying harder after each failure. Only so can we hold what gain we make and advance, step by step, toward the perfection taught in the Book; toward that time when the faults shall be erased and on our foreheads shall be written that new name which we shall be proud to let the very angels read.

We have but to look honestly into our hearts to see there the flaws that need tinkering. That straightforward look will bring us face to face with the fact that we have enough to do at home without trying to tinker the faults of others, or condemning or meddling with our neighbor, save to lend a loving helping hand when we can. Such a soul-searching will enable us to say sincerely with Coleridge—

"Frail creatures are we all; to be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have,"

and to take to our hearts his advice—

"Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave."

Doing this, we shall soon find that we have taken up a life-work. For "tinkerin' right at home" is a never-ending task. Yet there is none more worth while, for it is full of glad possibilities of wonderful victories, of moments of supreme joy, of precious glimpses of the glorious things some day to be attained in His good time.—Cora S. Day in The Continent.

For The Children.

TOM AND THE POLICEMAN.

Tom was five years old, and he had lived these five years on a big farm. He had played out of doors all day and he had so many pets that he really could not count them all.—kittens and puppies, chickens and ducks, and a pony all his own.

One day Tom and his mother started on a long trip; they were going to see his grandma, who lived many miles away.

They were on the train nearly two days and Tom had the best time watching the trees, telegraph poles, little towns, rivers, and hills. They all seemed to be going just as fast as they could back toward Tom's home.

Tom liked to watch the conductor, when he came in to punch the tickets, and the conductor let Tom punch holes in a piece of paper just for fun. All the men who helped to run the train wore blue suits with brass buttons, so Tom could always tell which they were.

It was just after breakfast when the train stopped at the city where Tom's grandma lived and Tom was glad, for he was beginning to get tired of living on the train.

The station was full of people, all hurrying around, looking for some one, or trying to catch a train. There were so many tracks that Tom wondered if any one knew how many there were; and there were trains on all of them all ready to go somewhere.

Tom and his mother got on a trolley car and Tom watched the conductor take the fares, and he saw how careful the motorman had to be because there were so many people, and horses, and wagons on the street.

Tom had never seen so many people together and they all seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere.

"How do they ever get across the street, mamma? I would be afraid of the cars and horses," said Tom.

"Do you see that tall man with a blue suit and brass buttons on, and a big star on his coat, and a stick in his hands? That is a policeman and he helps people and watches the cars and the horses, and sometimes little children get lost and he always finds their mammas for them, answered his mother.

Soon Tom's mother told the conductor that she wanted to get off at the next street, so he rang the bell and the motorman stopped the car.

There were stores all along the street; and such big buildings!

The windows were full of pretty things and Tom and his mother stopped to look at them. In one window there was a toy train that ran all around on a track and a funny littlte tin man that climbed up a ladder and then down again.

Just then Tom's mother saw an old friend and they were so glad to see each other that they did not notice Tom.

Suddenly he heard something that sounded like music and there down the street was a funny-looking piano on wheels; a horse pulled the little wagon and a man stood at the back and turned a handle, and that made the music.

Soon the music stopped and the man got up on top of the piano and away it went down the street. Now Tom had never seen anything like that before and he wanted to hear it again, so he ran as fast as he could after it.

The horse turned the corner and went down another street, but Tom watched, and he had just caught up with it when the man stopped the horse, jumped down, and began to play again.

Tom asked him what it was and the man laughed to think that any little boy did not know what a hurdy-gurdy was and Tom thought that that was a funny name for a piano on wheels. After the man stopped playing he passed around his hat for pennies and then he drove on down the street. Tom started to follow him, but this time the man drove so fast that Tom could not catch him.

Tom's little legs began to get so tired, and suddenly he thought, "Why, where is mamma?" He looked all around, but of course he could not see her, for he was a long way from where she stopped to talk to her friend.

People were hurrying along, and Tom was such a little boy that sometimes they did not see him until they ran into him. Poor Tom felt so frightened to see all these people and no one that he knew, and the trolley and horses and wagons all made such a noise that he sat down on the sidewalk and cried.

People stopped and asked him what was the matter, but he was crying so hard that he could not answer.

Then he felt some one pick him up and he stopped crying long enough to look up, and there he was in the arms of a great, big, kind-looking man who wore a blue suit with brass buttons and there was a big star on his coat.

And then Tom remembered what his mother had told him and he said' "Why, you must be a policeman that takes little boys to their mammas when they get lost! Please take me quick to mine; she is near a store with a big window with a cunning little train going round and round."

The policeman held Tom and wiped the tears away and asked him all about how he happened to get lost, and then he took him by the hand and said, "We will find your mamma soon, so do not cry any more.

They walked and walked and then went into a building where there were a great many men with blue suits on with brass buttons and a star.

Tom's policeman told the others about Tom losing his mother and they all said, "She will come here to look for him." And in just a moment the door opened and there she was. As soon as she saw Tom she ran to him and hugged him tight, for she was so glad to see him, and she told the policeman that she never could thank him enough for finding her little boy.—Irene Russell, in Kindergarten Review.

TH GRUMBLE BOX.

"Here, Nell, put in your cent; that was a big one!"

'I only said the potatoes were stone-cold, and it's the honest truth—they are. If that's grumbling, I'd like to know. Is that a grumble, mother?"

"I rather think it is, Helen," answered Mrs. Porter. "Some one had better read our contract again. We haven't heard it for two days. You read it Harry."

Harry took a box from the middle of the table and read aloud:

"Each and every member of this family of Porter agrees to pay one cent into this box for each and every grumble or complaint he or she may make about any article of food on this table. Signed, Edward Porter, Mary Porter, Harry Porter, Helen Porter, Elizabeth Porter."

"If that isn't the strangest agreement I ever heard read!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret who had come in unexpectedly for lunch. "How did it ever come about?"

"O! we've had it for a month or more, now, and the box is nearly full," said Helen. "For the first day or two, cents just poured in, but now father can eat salt butter and drink weak coffee without a word. He's almost heroic. Mother always was a martyr; nothing but tough beefsteak ever made her complain, and she would swallow shoe-leather now and smile. I suppose Harry and Bess and I are to fill the box—we're no saints yet."

"But," said, Aunt Margaret, "you haven't told me why you began to have a grumble-box."

'I'll tell you," said Mrs. Porter. "Don't you remember some of the times you have been here to lunch or to dinner when everything was wrong on the table? The soup was either too hot or too cold, the beef was over-done, the vegetables either too salty or not salt enough, the bread was dry, or the toast was burned; sometimes we didn't even have the right kind of dessert. If there was pie, every one longed for custard or cream."

Aunt Margaret smiled. "I've known such things to happen in other people's houses, too."

"So have I," said Mrs. Porter, "but don't you remember, too, the little blessing father often asks before meals, 'O, Lord, for the food that thou hast given us, give us grateful hearts?' We would bow our heads and listen, and then grumble over every mouthful."

"You did'nt, mother; you never did. It was the rest of us."

"Well," continued Mrs. Porter, "one beautiful Sabbath morning we all went to church and heard an unusually good sermon. Then we came home and sat down to a very good dinner, but the grumbling was worse than ever, and before we left the table father stopped us, and said, 'I've been thinking, children, it would be just as well not to ask a blessing on the food any longer. We have such poor things to eat we cannot feel grateful.' "

"I tell you, that took the breath out of us!" said Harry.

"Yes, but it opened our eyes," said Helen. "We couldn't believe that we found so much fault with everything."

"It was father who thought of the box," said Harry. "He said it would help us keep a good resolution if we had to pay for breaking it."

"I've got some pennies in, too," said little Bess, " 'cause I cried for more sugar in my oatmeal."

"And what are you going to do with the money when the box is filled?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"We don't know yet what kind of heathen are to have it," answered Harry—"Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, Indian or plain American; it will go from the heathen to the heathen."

Aunt Margaret rose to take her departure.

"Must you go, Margaret?" asked Mrs. Porter. "I am so glad you came in for lunch. I am only sorry we did not have a better meal to offer you."

"A cent, mother! A cent from you," exclaimed the children. "That was a genuine out-and-out grumble."

And Mrs. Porter laughingly slipped a coin into the grumblebox.—Southern Christian Advocate.

I do not think seventy years is the time of a man or woman,
Nor that seventy million of years is the time of a man or woman,
Nor that years will ever stop the existence of me or any one else!—Whitman.

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